MY LITTLE KINGDOM

INGHIN MACCARTHAIGH

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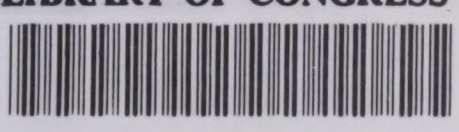

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To

H. R. H. _____

Ruler of

MY LITTLE KINGDOM

MY LITTLE KINGDOM

By

INGHIN MACCARTHAIGH

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

1918

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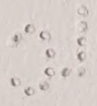

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To H. T. W.
Captain Engineer Corps
U. S. A.

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DEAR:

I am a butterfly and You the sunshine. And I think I feel just as the little thing must feel when it comes out of a dark cocoon into the glad sunlight.

And when *I* crept out of the shell of my former life I, too, found the proverbial wicked little boy right there watching me. But this time it was the tireless hunter Cupid and he aimed his bow and arrow at MY heart.

And his aim was swift and true,

But when he pierced it he suddenly relented—He remembered I was far away from You. So he gave me a pair of golden wings—the wings of love—to take me to you.

At first I did not know just how to use them and fluttered round about. For strange they were to me these shining golden wings. I wondered would they hold me?

But when you saw and SMILED I knew that they were strong. . . . So I flew to You.

Oh, My Love I was not afraid for I flew into your arms. From the dark cocoon of my former life into the light o'You.

Wonderingly,

CAMILLA.

Letter.

My Ship Comes In

Dear Lady:

Like every other mortal I've been looking out to sea for many years for my ship to come in. And wondering what treasure she carried for me. Silks and jewels, rare incense and perfumes.

Oh, I had wished for many things on that promised vessel. For golden wealth and sometimes even Fame. And always, ALWAYS dear, for love.

But times without number I despaired there was a ship for me. For I knew not, when the clouds of life were dark and threatening whether my valient craft be wrecked on the stormy sea.

But one Never-to-be-Forgotten day I was filled with rapture for before my very eyes there loomed a beautiful ship—in fullest sail. Nearer she same and nearer. I watched with bated breath. Was she for Me?

Oh, majestically she sailed and straight was her course—And my heart leaped with joy for even as I looked I saw my ship was really a lovely form in flowing robes. The form of You.

Then Lady mine, I knew my dearest wish had been granted.

My ship was You—Laden with treasures of love.

Yours,

Truitt.

Answer.

DEAR:

I think love only reaches its height when it gives All without fear or question—asking only faith in the Loved one. Then shall anything in life bring more contentment than true belief in those we hold so dear.

Until You came Love, I held my womanhood in trust for you. Then freely gave as you have freely given. And now I have a very thankful prayer that I have placed my faith in you aright.

Still, I have one alarm—that you think me too unwomanly in wooing. But Sweetheart mine, I should not then have cared, if when you held such joyousness out to me I had not leaped into your eager arms.

Dear, a woman may be modest many ways—but to her Lover she will give ALL freely.

Lovingly,

CAMILLA.

Letter.

In fearlessness your soul met mine when you gave yourself to me—In fullest trust you gave me All your love—For you are the flint to my steel.

I wonder if you know that a finer flint will not strike fire unless mated to a certain steel. And because you are my Mate—It were predestined.

Dear, if it were unwomanly to show your love to me—How might I tell you cared? Nay, rather have you filled my heart with gladness. For now I know—In me you place your trust.

Sweetheart mine, you were made for me in Beginning of Time. Ashamed of THIS!

It is the grand old story of the world!

Yours,

T.

Answer.

Oh, Perfect Hour!

Beloved:

Someday, I wish to have a token of a Perfect Hour.

Let it be a perfect pearl, roseate hued with passion, cerulean with heavenly bliss and scintillating with the golden and silvered tints of "purest" abandonment.

And underlying all the deep cream richness of years of Ambition and Achievement.

Oh, Perfect Hour! Oh, Perfect Pearl!

Longingly,

Camilla.

Letter.

It seems strange that one hour should be more perfect than the rest dear—but it is so.

And now on Wednesday as the clock strikes two I shall offer up a little prayer. It is a hallowed hour.

This day will be an inspiration to me to accomplish the best in my work. And it shall be my lucky day.

Love, when I took you in my arms and said "There might be grief in satisfaction." You looked at me with eyes like stars and cried "Sweet I am not afraid."

And so there was not grief but joy. And I know NOW what is beyond the stars.

Ah, let us make a new week dear, that each day may be Wednesday.

The Wednesday Wisher.

True.

Answer.

When it rains in a steady downpour dear, it means that the bereaved of the world are weeping for those they have loved and lost.

And I wonder if you know there are many kinds of rain. Some sad ones for those who have journeyed on before for we must grieve when parted from those we love so well.

But I shall no longer weep. Ah, No I will rejoice for now I know they are safe from the grey hawks of the world. It rains in a steady passionless rain Love, for those who have gone before.

Perchance you know that the tear-rain so violent, so stormy is bred of anger dear.

But not so with the little passing storm of love's emotion and after it the rainbow of a smile—*That* dear one, is the rain that makes the Tree of Life to leave.

And still there is another kind of rain forerunner of the flood. For days it pours.

Love, your going away released the floodgates of my soul and it rains in the Country of My Heart.

YOUR WEEPING ONE.

Letter.

Dear:

You have sent me to the war with my promise that I will *not* return until my work is done. Then how shall I make the sun to shine in the Country of Your Heart? How can I bid you dear one do not weep?

You have sent me away to learn how strong is love. Oh, surely you must know—
To punish me for loving you too much.

Dear Lady mine the memory of that hour is my most wonderful possession. But if you are denied to me in all the time to come—Then it will be IMPOSSIBLE to bear.

For though it be a thousand times most dear—one may not take a memory in ones arms.

Dreams are wondrous sweet, My Heart but how gloriously beautiful are the Tangible Things of Love.

Your Real "True" Lover.

Answer.

Dear:

I am invited to go to Lake Placid for a time. Do you think I will find there the Waters of Lethe?

I am searching for the Fountain of Forgetfulness and longing for that other 'fuente' where my thirst could never be slaked. The Fountain of Love whose waters rise in the depths of your soul.

Lake Placid to me sounds wonderful—Surely there I will find no storms.

Your Desolate Kam.

Letter.

In writing my letters in Spanish dear I am taking an unfair advantage of you—For first of all it is a lovers language—And then you say, you translate it the way you "want" it to be.

I cannot accustom myself to your tongue dear, it does not express my thoughts. For though I was born in the Westernland, I am at heart a Latin.

You are cruel to me lovely Lady—you have sent me away—Forgetting.

God built an altar within my breast.
You kindled the fire of wild desire;
Who gives me Rest?

Lake Placid. . . . There's only ONE WAY to Lake Placid NOW. And that, through the Valley of Flame.

Yours,
T—.

Answer.

Everything is upside down today dear, I am at war with the Universe and find no peace.

So this morning I wandered out into woodland ways to pour out my heart. But nothing there seemed right.

The birds did not sing sweet love songs they only hopped about and quarreled. The very wind was angry with the tree tops. There was no note of harmony there.

So I climbed up on a jagged rock, cleft by some god in violence or in play and mended by Mother Nature as best she could with moss and sand and stones.

The crevasse was deep so I laid full length in it and cried and cried—for there seemed not an interesting thing in all the woodland world. Even the chipmunk curious yet afraid, was alone. The bob-white whistled again and again but there was no answering call.

What is the matter, dear?

Your unhappy

CAMILLA.

Letter.

Sweetheart mine when you came to me out of the sky, the world changed its cloak of grey to one of rose-pink hue.

So now as we wander in the wayside paths—your hand in mine—the birds sing sweeter love songs and the trees bow as we pass. The flowers all nod their heads as in approval and the brook so gayly babbles to the rocks. Gentle zephyrs play around us and caress you and the woodland folk all run across our path.

I think dear heart, you must be the fairy godmother of the earth.

I know this—that when you kissed me—
To me the world awoke.

As ever,

True.

Answer.

I am a little urn today dear, with all the Happiness of life spilled out of it.

Oh, such an empty little urn, waiting for you to pour into it rich treasures of an unspoiled soul.

And what will they be? I wonder. I know there will be Faith and Honesty and Hope and MUCH Love for you yourself have said so.

You say I am cruel to have sent you away from me. You forget that I have sent you away for very good reasons. First of which is because I love you TOO MUCH. The second that you learn to know me, uninfluenced by personality. And lastly that you search and know your inmost heart.

But Oh, I am such an empty little urn, turned upside down dear but, SOMEDAY will you not turn the bowl heavenward and fill it with the Gladness of Life?

Your

FORLORN LITTLE ONE.

Letter.

Gladly, gladly will I endeavor to fill the urn dear—But humbly do I bring my pitiful little store to You.

For from the time I first met you I have culled it o'er and o'er, sifting out the chaff from the grain.

But even that which I have left is all unworthy of You.

It is a pitifully small store dear—but who knows that 'neath the tender guidance of my Lady Gardner's hand it may not blossom and fill the bowl to overflowing with all that is sweetest and best in life.

Your Promiser,

TRUE.

Answer.

DEAR:

All the Music in the world does not contain the vibrant notes of your voice.

All the Poetry in the world cannot express
"I WANT YOU."
The movement of an eyelash,
The lifting of a finger,
An indrawn breath,
The quiver of a nostril,
Not one movement is lost. All stir the depths of my being.
For they are, the Music and Poetry of the Song of Life.

Lovingly,

KAM.

Letter.

DEAR:

It think it is only lovers, who from time immemorial have found language too inexpressive to extol the loved ones charms.

For how, pray may I tell of apple-blossom finger tips that carry within their delicate castings the vibrant wires to a sensitive soul? How I ask?

Only dear, by pressure of my own eager lips or hands.

How shall I tell of shell pink ears and a red rose mouth—Only by whispering lover's sweet nothings in them—or showering your lips with kisses TOO fast for words.

How may I tell of a fragrant cloud of hair—only dear by entangling myself in its silken meshes.

And how, HOW I beg shall I express "I love you"—Only when I crush you to me * * * and we rush into the selfsame space—

Dear, it is only in Love's Language I may tell it.

And that only to You.

TRUE—

Interpreter of Love.

Answer.

Dear, do you know where is Wednesday-land?

The country you and I discovered one glorious afternoon. Ah, only YOU should know.

They say Love, that Thursday Island is but two months away in times of peace. Do you think it should be so far to Wednesday-land?

Yet here I am sailing into the ninth week and from my steady lookout I can see nothing but a vast stretch of monotonous What's-the-Use Ocean.

Dear, do you know where is Wednesday-land?

The Dream-Wisher,

CAMILLA.

Letter.

Dearie mine, the land you are looking for is known to true lovers only—and even they must go over to the right and heavenwards to find it.

And to reach it Sweetheart, one may not travel the way alone—for it is very near the Stars. And only on the wings of love shall one go there.

It is a wonderful land of unexplored regions that only true lovers may know. And they will not tell.

Only this much dear—That at the entrance to the "Haven of Bliss" one shall find a fountain between red roses called "Lovers Mouth," where if one is so blessed he may sip of the wine of life, one hundred times without even stopping—And here too find the clinging vines of deep affection that send their tendrils creeping into heart and soul.

Others may know of lands that to them seem wonderful places. But to me Dear Heart, Wednesday-land is my Isle of Delight.

With all my love,

True.

Answer.

The die is cast dear! I have sent back the drop of water that I once was proud to wear —And I am free!

Sir Launcelot IF you had not come out of the Southland to sing a madrigal in my too willing ears—And I had NOT listened —THEN we had not journeyed Beyond the Stars and by this time I had been the haughty chatelaine of 'Breakers Crest'— Harkening to its owner singing one song o'er and o'er—Triumphal March.

I am truly sorry dear to break my given word and I may only plead 'I did not know.'

Ah, dear Love, how should I know that from Wednesday-land I would NOT wish to return—AND THAT ONLY YOU MAY TAKE ME THERE.

So now my heart is singing—nor is it a song of Lamentation nor a doleful monody —but a paean of love, for I am free, Free, FREE!

Do you know what that means—It means that I am free to love You.

YOUR UNTRAMMELED ONE.

Letter.

DEAR:

Do you not think you may regret it all. I have so little to offer you of worldly goods. I am but a Finder of the Way.

All my life I have battled with the wilds that the world may progress—conquering deep rivers—spanning chasms wide. Building here among the clouds and blasting there in the mountain's very bowels.

Sweetheart, I am a Nomad — I have travelled in all lands. Why should you care for me—You who have the choice of the cultured of the earth.

I am as far away from you as the North from the Southern pole.

Lovely Lady have a care! You are following Will o'the Wisp.

Yours,

TRU-LY.

Answer.

Today I am a Little Lost Princess in my Tower longing for my fairy Prince.

I wonder dear, if there are not many lost princesses who in the secret depths of their hearts sigh and long for some piratical lover to break in and carry them away to his cave on the wild, rocky shore.

We are too civilized dear, too civilized. Think of all the happiness we miss in too great control.

Where is that Spanish pirate ancestor of yours? I could love him for his fierce bravado charm.

And today I would be with mine—out on the rough crags of the bonny Hielands.

With Rob Roy blowing a pibroch—out to right my wrongs.

Hark! Can't you hear the weird, wild wail of the bagpipes?

I am a Little Lost Hieland Princess today.

Your L. L. Princess,

Kam.

Letter.

And would you not be afraid little princess—if I girded on my cutlass, strapped on a blunderbuss and with a dirk or two in my girdle set out to find you?

I would stamp and rage about if I could not have you. And I would defy the world as I sailed away with you across the Spanish Main.

Then I would carry you off to my cave on an uninhabited Isle, where I would be so jealous of you Lady mine, that if even a lion coveted you—I WOULD KILL HIM.

You say we exercise *too* much control. Dear little Hieland Princess if all mortals abandoned themselves to the joys of life! The result would be—

Too bewildering to imagine.

Your

Spanish Pirate Lover.

Answer.

Dear:

I am a young robin today, proud of my gay colored garb after the sombre hues of Yesterday. I am hopping about chirping "Look at me — Look at me." And I am singing.

But in my heart of hearts I am impatient for the time to come when my wings will hold me. That I may fly to You.

And when I am safely sheltered in your arms I shall no longer have use for wings— shall I?

Then what to do with them? I know you will not wish to clip them.

I tell you— I will just borrow them for my new spring bonnet!

Your

Fly-Away Mam.

Letter.

LADY, LADY:

If you wear your wings on your new spring bonnet I shall be continually reminded that you have them—and that some day you may use them to fly *away* from me to other lands and OTHER LOVES.

You say you are a young robin today dear,—Then may I not be the worm beneath your dainty feet, who, however unworthy of you, shall still be necessary to your happiness and well being.

Your "fearful"

TRUE.

Answer.

Dear:

You ask me whether in all the years that have gone before, I ever dreamed of you and how I fancied you to be?

You say every woman has her Ideal of a lover—therefore I must have mine.

Of course I have Dearest of All.

And You were to be, not wonderful of form but brilliant of mind. Your eyes were not to be the most beautiful in the world but oh, when you looked at me they would be soft and tender yet hold within their depths the latent fires of a strong and fearless soul. And above all dear your will would be far stronger than that of mine.

Too, your mouth was firm with the firmness of greatness—yet very red and moist and full.

Your chin was broad and squarely set—but Love, I did not say there must be a cleft in it that one might touch, if one only dared.

And so you are my dream come true and NOW I will confess—That I always wished you to be so ardent—You NEVER would let me alone.

Dreamer of You.

Letter.

Dear:

I think when the gods made you they were in a particularly benevolent mood—Else why are you so fair?

Then do you not think, dear, that in the place where they mold our figures it is the same as with the workmen of the world. There are clumsy apprentices as well as artists to make the forms.

And as we are sent from one department to another—they put a nose on here and ears on there, often entirely without relation to the rest of our features. And how they must laugh at some of us dear.

But in moulding You sweet, they used their choicest models—employing only those skilled in the art.

And when they had finished you, they sent you to Mother Nature with the admonition, you were favored of the gods and she must borrow your color from the loveliest things of earth. And so She did.

Making a mouth from the reddest rose and cheeks from the apple-blossoms.

But she could not find eyes like yours here below. So she borrowed two stars from the sky.

Worshipfully,

True.

Answer.

All women are flowers dear, are they not?

Then what kind of a flower do you think I am? I wonder.

Would you like me to be a tall white lily, pure and cold? Ah, No, for lilies remind me in their waxy whiteness of death and tears.

Perhaps you would have me a simple daisy, trusting and staunch—with my face turned towards the shining sun.

Or maybe you fancy a hothouse rose cultivated in the worldly world—with heavy perfume of coquetry and art.

Orchids are abnormal I hear you say but lovely, frail, exquisite. I think though dear, you would not have me so. For an orchid has no perfume—And is not the perfume of a flower its soul?

Forgetmenots are true and modest would you have me one of these?

No, NO, Dear Heart for I am a poppy flower in Love's Garden. Frailest and most passionate of flowers.

POPPINEA.

Letter.

DEAR:

You have set me a difficult task—There are so many flowers and You possess so many charms. How may I decide?

You are modest as a forgetmenot, and trusting as the daisy. As lovely as the rose, as stately as a lily and far more exquisite than the orchid. How shall I choose?

You say you are a poppy flower. You are more than that, you are All the others —Your breath is fragrant as a bunch of roses, your hair the odor of new mown hay.

I think you are a lovely jar of pot-pourri dear, essence of all the flowers and spices.

For Beloved when you lean near me you overpower my senses with the sachet of "Just You."

Your "intoxicated"

TRUE.

Answer.

Had I only one wish dear in all the world, only one wish I think it would be—to be your Lucky Star.

Then each time you wished on me I would be able to fulfil your desire.

I could smile down upon you and make you great among men—If that was your Ambition.

And mine would be the privilege to shield you and protect you from all harm.

Dear, do you think if I were your lucky star you would become an Astronomer for all time?

At any rate I should bestow upon you your coveted A. R.*

Your

Lucky Star.

*A. R. Astronomer Royal.

Letter.

Of course I will become an Astronomer if you are to be my lucky star—that I may be nearer to you. And through you I shall become famous for I know you will show your beauty to me alone, dear—As you have shown it to me before.

And my lovely star I will spend many days and nights gazing upon you, begging you to tell me the secret of the Ages—Of the Hidden River of Flame.

But if you are My Lucky Star dear, pray be on earth beside me—Then if you wish for heaven Oh, I shall take you there.

Hopefully,

TRUE.

Answer.

DEAR:

You play strange music upon my heart-strings—strange music. Part of your letter is a love song—the rest a valediction.

You send me soaring to the heights—to be flung to the depths below.

Your music is wondrous yet strange. A beautiful love song dies away in a plaintive litany. Do you think it will soon become a Requiem?

You say o'er and o'er "La vida es un sueno—Life's only a dream. True, it may be but a dream—but Oh, Love 'tis a dream for two.

You play strange music upon my heart-strings—Music, wondrous yet strange.

But Oh, I pray you Player be Careful—for it be a frail instrument—a loving woman's heart!

Your Sweetheart,

KAM.

Letter.

Dear, frail little instrument I shall be very careful that the only music I play to you be a madrigal or a roundelay.

Tho I think you know lovely Lady I would not willingly bring you unhappiness when I play upon your heart.

Still you and I are attuned dear, to the highest pitch in love—And a great love brings great fear.

Not a fear in distrust but rather that one shall not be worthy of the loved one.

I shall play a madrigal or a roundelay NOW—But oh, my dearie one, someday may I not play Home, sweet Home—loveliest song in all the world.

Your adoring

TROU-BADOUR.

Answer.

Tonight I am so passionate for you dear that I fail to find me aught of peace or rest. Today my aching heart has cried out to you and for weary restless hours I lay and wept.

I lay and wept and beat the pillows with my unavailing hands. Oh, surely you must know.

For I sent my soul out into space to touch you, to find you and to follow you and though I asked myself a thousand times can one love thus, unsatisfied—and live. There was no answer.

So, at last I tried to flee my tortured mind and sought the naked elements outside for it is wild tonight. And something in the wildness of the night called wildly to me and I ran gladly to it—my fevered face turned toward the beating rain.

I had no care of time. My only wish was answer to it all. Is my love vain?

And so there in the wildness of the night I called to heaven to hear my earnest prayer. I called to heaven—Finding not my answer there.

Dear, in my heart I know the greatest love is not of earth. But Oh! I want you so.

Longingly,

Camilla.

Letter.

Dear Little Storm Swept Isle:

The answer to love and even life itself *is* there in the rain if you but knew just how to read it.

Open your heart and mind, abandon yourself and you will learn to know. For is it not this selfsame rain that makes the grass and trees and flowers to grow. Oh, surely.

That then is the answer to it all—for to create life is the aim of life. So mold dear what you can for creation is expression of your soul. A poem, a bit of a love song, a robe, a new dance or best of all a little child.

My lovely One the answer then to life is in creation.

Create, create, create it is our one excuse for being. Build, build, build that life itself be not in vain.

Therefore "I want you" is the strongest force of earth. For without desire, dear there would be no life.

And without life no *love.*

Your Wellwisher,

T.

Answer.

You say you are aweary of the world dear, all things are mean and small.

Then I pray you go out upon the Lake this eve, beneath God's stars. And there in the vast Cathedral of the Night you will learn and know.

And when you are drifting about in your frail canoe I shall steal down around you—You will not know me for I will be the Mist upon the Lake. But I will caress your weary brow and kiss your tired, sweet lips and cool your fevered hands.

And when you are lulled to rest I shall enfold you in my soft protecting veil and draw it close about you—To shut out all the world.

Ah, Sweetheart I would be the Mist upon the Lake that I might envelop you.

Your Veiled

PROPHETESS.

Letter.

Love, if you are the mist upon the lake I will become a gondolier.

But dear, elusive one where, pray, shall I look for you when sun and moon and stars have frightened you away?

What shall I do if in reaching to caress you I find that you have vanished in the air?

If I hunted, do you think I would find you along the rocky shore or in a cave playing with the tiny Lake Children? Or WOULD life be the same as it is now—That I must wait long weary hours to see you. For such a little while.

Ah, Love, would it be as it is in this world—You are there beside me for a time—but even as I look you are no longer there.

Some cruel wind of earth has torn you from my side.

But YOU come! Cling to me close and put your soft cool arms about me—And cling to me closer Lovely Lady of the Lake.

Your

WOULD-BE GONDOLIER.

Answer.

Today I am a wisteria vine hung with blossoms, heavy with the fragrance of passionate longing.

And of course I am wondering if You like a clinging woman. Or would you have me a tall tree growing there beside you—Strong separate Unit in life? I wonder dear.

But somehow I have always longed to be the clinging vine that I might creep into sheltering arms—Away from rough winds of earth.

Still I tremble! For if I be a wisteria vine and wind myself a thousand times around and in and out of your sturdy white oak form—

Would I too someday strangle you?

Your

Little Clinging-Vine.

Letter.

I am just old fashioned enough to love a clinging vine, My Lady. And I know too that all men in their heart of hearts would have those they love always dependent upon them.

You say you are a wisteria vine hung with the fragrance of longing. Yes, Sweetheart, you are a lovely vine and you have wound yourself around and in and out of my life—sending into me the tendrils of your love.

And dear, if you would uproot them now you must needs tear my soul asunder.

As to your someday killing me—I know of no death sweeter than this,

To die of too much love.

Lovingly

True.

Answer.

Do you not think dear, we are all musical notes in God's Song of Life? I do. Men are the bass notes of Strength and Power. Women the treble that completes the chord.

We each contain several notes as may be —Some harsh and loud—others soft and sweet. And the treble is above the bass, that man may look up to woman.

I am a minor chord, plaintive and very near to tears. And contain five notes. My first a very full, sweet one, is Sentiment. My second, a whole one too, Ambition. My third is Loyalty. My fourth Nobility. And last but of equal value to them All, Affection.

I have passed many notes in the Song of Life but oh, the discordant tones. I wonder do they feel it also?

I have passed many notes in the Song of Life and I have sought in many lands—for the bass that is attuned to my treble.

* * * * *

Hark! Be still my heart.

I stop and listen for the notes are faint and in the far away—I strain my every nerve to catch their wondrous sound. And tremble lest I lose them. For they are the other notes of my own half chord. Of Strength and Power and Gladness.

Nearer they come and nearer—The very air vibrates with the tense and tremulous waves, Nearer and yet nearer—And my soul soars out to meet the harmonious bass,

And as they join in ecstacy, attuned in perfect symphony—What GLAD, MAD, RINGING MUSIC in my heart!

Your Ecstatic

Letter. KAM.

Ah, that is why my Lady there is no discordant note in our friendship. The reason I find pleasure in your gracious presence dear, for you are the treble to my Bass.

All my life I searched the world in vain for You. I
looked for You and I have journeyed far;
I sought you there among the almond blossoms, in
India, beside the Shalomar;
Pale moons of passion hung each night in heaven.
I called You. Ah, dear one you surely heard
For longing such as mine *must* bring an answer; My
beating heart, the only thing that stirred.
I called again. Oh, softly I called dearest, I feared
you might be timid or afraid,
Unless you took my voice for some soft zephyr that
thrilled you as around your lithe form played.
I called again. I know you heard and mocked me—
'Twas not a night bird's cry but You sweetheart,
I begged you then to come that I might touch you—
You shrilly cried and vanished in the dark.
You spoke to me in Lake Geneva's waters, your rippling laughter called me in the "Falls."
I heard your voice in cold winds in the Northland;
You taunted me in sweet birds mating calls.
O'er all the world you spoke to me in nature, you
sighed in trees and wept with me in rain;
You kissed me and caressed me in the twilight—Dew
kisses that have cooled my fevered brain.
I looked around the world for you in vain dear, forgetting that you might not be of earth.
Then one glad night I wished for you in Starland—
You dropped into my arms. I know your worth
For I have searched all lands. Now I have found you
—Will cherish and protect you with my life;
God grant that we may live and love and prosper.
Our lives to honored be in Peace or Strife;
And those who through us live shall live to bless us.
Their heritage a stainless, blameless past.
While down the thousand, thousand years to come
dear, we journey on, your hand in my hand claspt.

Your

MISSING CHORD.

Answer.

BEST BELOVED:

The Maker of Souls is wondrous wise in His provisions of nature—therefore if we follow MINUTELY our natural instincts we will ever be right.

That is why He has caused to be graven on my heart the beautiful Intaglio of you. It is why dear, when I look at another I find he is not so lithe and tall—that his hands are not so strong and his smile is not as sweet. And his eyes ah, Love they are not tender and soft like yours.

So everywhere I look I see floating before me the Mirage of You—reflection of engravings on my heart. Dear, everywhere I look I see the outline of your form and so, "Tho some cruel wind may blow me away from your sheltering arms — your Mirage dear, will shield me for your own."

Adoringly,

CAMEO.

Letter.

And so Beloved if I am engraved upon your heart I must have a care that I mar not its delicate tracery—but rather in the years to come shall polish off rough corners wrought by this clumsy hand—to add, not detract from its dear beauty.

This loveliest of things, this woman's heart, upon whose delicate surface impressions are taken as on the most sensitive plate. What a frail yet strong little thing it is.

And unlucky I be if in the stress of the moment I imprint there the picture that in calmer realization I'd give much to obliterate.

Dear, there is only ONE WAY to erase all mutilating marks—It is by the wondrous magic of love itself.

Hopefully,

Your Magician.

Answer.

BELOVED:

To me You are as the rocky shore to the sea. In the sunshine of your smile I shall not be afraid.

But when the clouds are dark and sinister and hang low about us — Shall I tremble when you frown?

You are the rocks on the shore and I am the sea. Sometimes I shall gently caress you and then lie very still in your arms. Then again I will playfully tease you, winding around you my sea-weed hair.

Dear, strong rocks, grim and powerful— I shall recede and elude you—

Only to return.

And when in my passion I fling myself against you, again and again—Will You cry "No more."

And shall I, like the sea EVER be cruel?

Lovingly,

CAMELEON.

Letter.

Dear:

If you are the sea gladly will I become a rock that I may be near you.

But when you fling yourself against me lovely sea are you not afraid I may hurt you?

Or do you know that—though rocks are often hard and sharp to the world—to loved ones they are always soft and tender.

And Sweet privilege—to be the strong rocky barrier shielding you and sheltering from the storms of life.

But Oh, little Dreamer if I am to be your rock—Let me be the one upon which you build your Castle of Dreams.

Your

True.

Answer.

Do you know why some women are so fair to look upon with shining eyes and radiant crimson lips? I do—It is Love's Alchemy that makes them so. For they are dearly loved and very happy and the wonder light is shining in their eyes.

They do not need the color from the rouge pot nor do they need the Beautifier's art. Nay, NAY, for they have found as I have found me a something FAR more wonderful than that—

For Belovêd mine somewhere within your being you hold the wondrous nectar-wine of life.

Then let me sip the fragrant wine that flows between your lips—intoxicating nectar of delight—that changes grief to gladness and makes all care to flee.

Dear, let me drink and drink and NEVER stop!

THEN Lover-Alchemist when I am drunk with wine of You, oh, give to me the potion of your love. Love potions bringing to me sweet contentment and drawing me so close unto your heart.

Your

Well-Loved One.

Letter.

And so it is the wine of life that paints your cheeks with roses and makes your eyes to shine out of deep passion tinted frames.

It is love potions then that make the buds of love to flower dear, the sunshine shower that gives us *all* the children of the world to smile.

The very rosy rain that makes the earth give forth its blossoms of Music, Art and Science and All progress here below.

Dear one the Wine of Life creates and instigates all Greatness. It is the stimulant of love and life and hope and All.

Your

LOVER (ALCHEMIST).

Answer.

DEAR:

I am a poppy flower with myriad little seeds in me—each representing one of my thousands of ancestors.

Is it not wonderful then that the tiny things contain the characteristics of those who have lived before. And that these may not be lost to the world, they are given to me as my birthright. A part of their very selves.

And so in living day by day I find new traits, new forbears and then say "Could I do thus if I had not some Latin blood." And wonder how much influence it plays.

Of course as every other I do trace way back but farther still I can not go.

Yet when 'tis said and done, did we not All spring from some common parent—THEN I AM KIN TO ALL THE WORLD—even to the birds and trees and flowers.

For Lover mine, through aeons of time the infinite little lives in me have come to make me what I am,

Nor You nor I may change it.

Thoughtfully,

KAM.

Letter.

I Need You So

Dear:

I would not change you if I might for like rare old wine we must improve with age —Else what excuse for living?

And I think too, wise little Lady mine— it is because you are kin to all the world that all things love you so. For in sympathy and understanding you are nearer to their hearts.

For there in the greatness of your nature you have room for all.

Sweet you take the burden on your shoulders of they who cast the mantle of their weakness there.

I too, lean for support in moral ways— For though I be so strong of will—Know you, there is great beauty in the world.

Ah, dear I need you so!

Longingly Yours,

T.

Answer.

DEAR:

I know a place atop of a hill in a Not-very-far-away land. There's a lane with turns where flowers and ferns are strewn by a lavish hand. One wanders on and up the hill where tuneful echoes ring, while brook and winds and stately pines croon love songs and the trumpet vines, cling close and closer cling.

There's a lovely old manse at the end of the lane. We'll call it 'Reverie.' Come! Time's awing when Love is King. Oh, wont you go with me—And when you are there with me dear, and I shall make you mine. Our love will be the harmony, soul of God's Great Symphonie—

Fulfilling His Design.

Your

HARMONIOUS ONE.

Letter.

I think you are right dear, that God in His wondrous wisdom made the trees and birds and flowers as accompaniment to His Great Symphonie—And you and I and the other lovers of the world its soul.

That is why it is such an inspiration to go out into Mother Nature's busy workshop and listen to the myriad little voices of the earth—For the Inhabitants of Outdoors are so happy in their freedom that they sing all day long—even as they work.

And if there is a place where they are happier and sing sweeter love songs—It is out there on the rocks near that silver ribbon of water hastening to the sea.

What a wonderful place for Symphonie is Paradise Point.

Your

Lover, True.

Answer.

Dear:

I am like robin redbreast awooing—my heart is so full-to-bursting with Love that I needs must break into song—and

I have a wish for you, dear heart,
On this your natal day;
That through the coming 'rosy years'
All thorns have died away.

Then I've a wish for Me, my heart
'Tis selfish?—Nay, I pray
For I would strew the roses, there
Along your joyous way.

Your Strewer of Rose-leaves,

Kam.

Letter.

DEAR:

This is a sweet thought, fragrant with the odor of roses. But even if the thorns have not all died away through the coming days I think I shall not care for I have you to kiss away the hurts of the world.

And when I look back along the way of life I wonder that I cared to live those long, long empty years without you.

'Tis only Love, because I did not know.

But now that I have found you may we not walk hand in hand together, scattering the rose leaves and praying that some may fall in the way of those who do *not* know God's Wondrous Secret.

Ah, let us scatter the rose leaves dear, for the heart of the rose is ours.

Your Magnanimous

TRUE.

Answer.

Dear:

When are we to have a stolen day, out there on Paradise Point, that I be a wood nymph and you a wild faun—to forget the world.

Do you not know that daisies are nodding to us over the fields and the tall grass is beckoning us to a game of hide and seek in its fragrant depths.

I am a nymph and you are a faun. Strawberries are ripe and Clover with the Honey Bee is flirting.

We are *free*—throw back your head and laugh wild faun as only you can laugh for the little spring is romping down the hillside and the hanging fern is clinging to her rock.

Hark! for the lark is singing love songs and the busy squirrels are building them their nests!

Come, Lover mine, let us steal a day away for Paradise Point is calling.

Your

Little Wood-Nymph.

Letter.

Dear little wood nymph if I might be with you always I would steal the whole calendar—and make every day Wednesday. If you so desired. Then you and I would be playmates all the while at Paradise Point.

And if we did—who then would go forth to battle each day for the spoils of life?

Dear, I do not think we were ever born for this struggle of toil but that man in his grasping folly has brought it upon us all.

For did I not hear you say "How glorious to be free to live and love—to be Primitives again and laugh and play?"

Sweetheart mine, let us steal the WHOLE calendar and go back and live in a cave.

This is the wish of your

CAVE-MAN.

Answer.

Had I one wish, Beloved Desire,
Across the Transcendental years;
By glorious love, of flame and fire
It is—of me you never tire,
Of laughter and of tears.

But then if you *should* tire Delight
—And I do cease to charm;
I pray God make me by His Might
Your Guardian Angel—day and night
To shield you from all harm.

Dear:

You say I am favored of the gods—do you think that is the reason why I was given a pair of soulful eyes, befitting only an angel?

And if that is so, what then shall I do with a mouth that belies them. For THAT dear, was made for your kisses.

Longingly,

Kam.

Letter.

Dear:

You are my guardian angel here on earth and in all time to come I pray. That is why you were given Madonna eyes that I should know.

For God in His might sent you to me to cherish and He gave me the key to your heart. But first he bade me look in through the windows and made them clear that I should see there all.

For your heart ever shines through the loveliest of eyes — But your mouth — That bespeaks to me of kisses!

Do with it? I fear to say Give it to Cupid for his bow—For he might think I do not care. But oh! return it not to the roses dear—for roses live but a day.

Nay I would beg you KEEP your rose-bud mouth—Keep it for me and my kisses—

For the Guardian Angel who guards the best is she who Loves her prisoner.

Your Willing Prisoner,

T.

Answer.

I went out to Paradise Point today Love, —All alone. And as usual there was no one there except the busy Inhabitants of the Woods.

So I cut across the hills and fields to the very spot where You and I played Caveman and Woman. But things were not the same there.

I whistled and called to the Lark of Apple-Tree Lodge—but no answer—So concluded he was perhaps busy doing the marketing for a large family of children by this time.

It is too late for the wild strawberries that just match your mouth—so I fell to wondering how it would feel to be a strawberry—crushed by your red, red lips and tongue. Do you think it would feel the way it does when you 'LOVE ME MOST'?

Dear, do you remember the place, overlooking the River, high up on the rocks and very near to heaven. The spot where you told me God hid little babes in the grass.

And how you and I hunted all afternoon to find one—Do you remember?

Paradise Point is a wonderful place dear heart—But it was not the same today—

Come Back, Oh, Magician!

The Love-Wisher,

Kam.

Letter.

Dear Conjurer that you are, you would make a Magician of me also. Are you not then satisfied with the change you have already wrought.

Oh, the Magic Hand of Woman! The Magic Hand of You!

Dear, in your little shell pink palms you hold my heart. I can see you close them tightly.

You need not fear for I will not slip out.

So you would make a Magician of me also. Ah, Love, Love it is You are the Conjurer—

For you have loaned me your crystal glasses that I may see life through a loving woman's eyes.

Your very own,

True.

Answer.

BEST BELOVED:

Nothing in Life can be of real beauty unless it have wonderful soul. But there are many lovely bodies that have lost their souls —and so they are as a setting without a jewel, a frame without a painting or a book without a story therein. Empty are they all.

And do you not think dear, our souls were only given us in trust, that each day we may give back a part of them to the Fund of Happiness of the World? I do.

If musicians we shall send them out to touch others in our song. If we dance it will be an expression of our inner selves. Even in the lowliest task we shall give out a part of our being that we may keep the precious thing alive.

For a soul dear, must be nurtured and cherished if we would not let it die.

And so, Sweetheart mine we must look well to our souls that they do not leave us— for then we would become but Empty Shells.

Lovingly,

CAMELEON.

Letter.

DEAR ONE:

I had come a long way on the path of life—before we met. And the going was not always smooth and without rocks and thorns. But as every other mortal I did stumble on.

Here stopping by the wayside for a time to help one find another way of life—but this he wanted not and so I hastened on.

And thrice I met the Reaper on the road and sat me down in deep despair and wept—and then with aching heart I started on.

And thus it goes—down dale and up the hill. But now that I have reached the farthest crest — the hill of Hope — and found YOU waiting there—

Together we shall find a path of life that stretches straight and smooth and far away —And where the roadway has no windings more.

Your Contented,

TRUE.

Answer.

There is an altar within my breast dear, and on it I have placed the candle of my love.

Its holy light burns brightly for you—Its steady white flame unwavering through all the long days and longer nights you are away from me.

No breath of mortal shall touch its luminous glow nor dim its shining promise of Joyous Tomorrows.

You may stumble by the wayside dear for the Path of Life is beset with dire temptations—but the shining light of my love will always lead you back to me.

On the sacred altar of my heart, a light burns for You with a steady white flame.

Your

DEVOTED LITTLE PRIESTESS.

Letter.

Beloved:

If I should fall by the wayside and neglect to tend the candle of your love then truly would I forfeit my real mission in life —to make you happy.

For dear, if I am altar-boy to your Happiness I must keep the flame in your heart shining bright—Not only for your own sweet sake but as the hope that guides me through life's darkest night.

I shall be faithful in my ministrations that at the end of the journey its light will not be dimmed and I may proudly say — I HAVE FULFILLED MY TRUST.

Ah, dear I shall keep it burning well— For this world would be indeed, a cold place if I might not warm myself by the glow of your love.

Your

Willing Altar-Boy.

Answer.

BELOVED:

I could kill you tonight and know the highest exultation of my joy.

I can see you raise your eyebrows in an inquiry of mild surprise.

I repeat. I could kill you tonight—for then you would be wholly mine. And with my slender, soft white hands upon your strong, young throat—crush out all signs of life.

I could kill you tonight—and forget even THAT when you were mine.

You are mine now I know Love but I dare not live until the day you are no longer mine.

You say that only death can part us. That may be so but Loved One, life is such a little while.

And am *I* to go adown the countless Ages—without my hand in yours, without your smile.

Ah, I would I could kill you tonight—
For THEN I COULD CREEP IN BESIDE YOU—

And be WITH you—till the End of Time.

Your All-Loving One,

KAM.

Letter.

Do you think dear one to frighten me with such a lovely thought. Ah, No!

For I would travel with you thro the transcendental years—until we reached the Gates of Paradise. And if I be unworthy of an entrance There—I should at least be happy in the thought that yours was a safe journey.

And if Saint Peter thought it best to close the golden gates behind you I would just wait outside there, with the hope that SOME DAY I might catch a glimpse of you as another angel entered there.

Sweetheart, with your hand in mine I would not be afraid to Travel to the End of Time.

Your

Worshipful-True.

Answer.

Lover Mine:

What think you is at the Rainbow's end besides the promised gold?

I know—its one's most cherished wish—but I think to find it one must walk the path of life that one has chosen.

The rainbow's arc has many ways. The golden road the road to golden wealth. The purple one the way of Dukes and Kings.

The green for wanderers and poets midst emerald grass and trees. And the blue one dear, for those courageous ones who losing all that they love most, must still walk on.

But last and best is the rosy way for lovers.

Ah, Sweetheart mine will you walk with me on the rainbow's rosy path that together we may find a "double wish" in the pot of gold at the end.

This is the desire of your Rainbow-Girl,

Kam.

Letter.

And what think you little Lady it will be your wish to find in the pot of gold at the rainbow's end—You see I would know that mine may be the same.

Do you think it will be of some rare jewels that have stolen their lights from the sun and moon and stars. Or will it be a masterpiece of Art—A Castle in Spain—Great Fame—Or beauty as the fairest Aphrodite?

Perchance you should fancy the Philosopher's stone or the knowledge of a Solomon wise.

Sweetheart—one of these may be *your* wish but would you know my inmost heart's desire—

It is that part of You and part of me be welded in ONE for Posterity.

Your Wisher of wishes,

TRUE.

Answer.

I am a treasure ship Belovêd with a very precious cargo. And to reach a safe and sheltered harbor I must sail—nigh to three hundred days.

But the journey will not be long now for I shall spend the time dreaming of eyes and hair and a mouth like yours. And a smile—as sun after the rain.

The way will not be long Love, for you will be guiding my ship by the compass of your strong, young will. And with your steady hand upon the rudder you will sail us past the Rocks of Hysteria—into the calm waters of Peace where there are no storms.

Oh, Treasure Ship with your precious cargo, sail safely into the Harbor of Home!

Dreamer of *Dreams*.

Letter.

I can do nothing dear, before the wonder of it all. Only pray that I may be given a tiny fraction of the power to help you reach in safety the Harbor of Home.

For through you I have reached the heights of love, through you I have learned the meaning of life.

Who am I that I should touch the hem of your white garment—to make me exalted among men.

Ah, Love, Love I am as Nothing before the holy wonder of it all.

Your Helpless

True.

Answer.

I have an aviary dear, and each day I send out one of my little swift-winged birds with a message to you. And they fly straight and true.

Some days I send a scarlet taniger—letter of passion—to flutter into your hands. On another day a little white dove with a message of peace after the storm. Sometimes the fancy comes to loose a nightingale with a love song. And again it's just a wise old owl to blink at you and scold you.

Each letter is a little bird. I hope you liked them all—except the black, black raven that croaked "Nevermore."

He is dead now—killed by the scarlet taniger.

So THIS time—put your ear down close to my letter that I may whisper and tell you that soon I will send you the 'great bird' with the long legs and longer bill.

I am certain you will like him Love—
For he shall make our sun to shine.

Your

GLORIFIED LITTLE ONE.

Letter.

Dear One:

Of course I have liked all the little messengers you have sent me—even the black raven—for thief though he was I feared him not for he could not take from me the precious knowledge that you are wholly mine.

So if you ever find it best in all the time to come—to send me only ravens—I will understand.

Still, I am glad dear, the red taniger killed him—It means you will not send me away again.

Dear, I like all kinds of birds but best of all, the one that you are sending to me now.

He brings so much of happiness to earth he should be called the Bird of Paradise.

Always yours,

True.

Answer.

I was lying beside the restless Ocean today dear, with my face turned toward the shining sun—I love the sun it is always so bright and cheery—the only thing that smiles when you are away.

And as I lay there the clouds in the sky persisted in forming twos. Cherubs with curly heads and men and women and bears and nameless things of Nonsenseland. And none alone.

Even the numeral 2 in more perfect form than written appeared again and yet again.

And as I lay there dreaming a pair of seagulls sailed out o'er the water wing and wing. I know they were in love the way they flew. And they must have been happy —for surely they had not a care as they soared on—graceful and unafraid.

All were in pairs dear—none alone as You and I.

So *now* I wonder if this be Good Omen —That very soon you will return to me.

Your lonely

Little Mate.

Letter.

SWEETHEART MINE:

There is a wonderful sixth sense that only women-kind possess and of course it is developed in varying degree.

That is why you must know that even ere this reaches you I am hastening to your side. But Oh, for the wings of a sea gull that I be not delayed in flight.

I *do* envy them their freedom—but I know of no state anything like this in which mankind may live—unless it be far from the well worn ways of life.

Dear, does it not seem strange that through the centuries it is not given to us to retain our wings.

For surely I must have the soul of a sea gull—Else why this longing for freedom in love—and flight.

Your Lover

TRUE.

Answer.

DEAREST OF ALL:

I have been down through the Valley of Shadows—And saw *there* the River of Darkness in the Not-very-far-away.

I have been down through the thicket where I stumbled on and on, my feet weary, my body bruised and torn—But I was not afraid and my heart was singing for high on the other hillside was a luminous spot of light—a blinding sun—and in the centre of this You stood—and SMILED.

I wonder if in all the world, there is such another smile as your's Love?

Oh, we shall see, SOON we shall see.

And you waited while I struggled up the hill to where you stood. And when I reached the top—Love, I placed a precious bundle in your arms.

I have been down through the Valley of Shadows dear, but the journey was not in vain—

For I found there—A priceless jewel.

YOUR LITTLE SWEETHEART-WIFE.

Letter.

DEAR:

It is part of the Mystery of Life that I never could understand—in its unfairness. That it was given to woman alone to bear ALL the physical anguish that we may see the light o'day.

I say *all* the anguish but scarcely could your suffering have been more real than mine—for in watching you struggle *there,* down in the shadowy pit I lived through part of my Purgatory dear.

I do not think to let you go down there again. For you are very near to me my heart.

I hear you say "The journey was not in vain"—but Sweetheart mine, the River of Outer Darkness flows *so* near the Harbor of Home.

Your Thankful One,

TRUE.

Answer.

Dear, Dear:

Such a strange little creature is this son of yours with his rose leaf ears that might drop off if one touched them—and with a tiny rosebud mouth that blossoms when he laughs—and great blue sapphires bright and shiny in the place of eyes.

I am afraid of him dear! This little You-and-Me. He has journeyed so far and he looks so wondrous wise.

Where did he come from do you think? I know it is the Outer Infinite but Ah, dear One I cannot comprehend.

And are You not afraid of this wee stranger here beside me—that You and I are responsible for?

Oh, I am Love! I am afraid of this little You-and-Me.

Bewildered Little Mother.

Letter.

[*Found in the waste-paper basket*]

The King's Handicap

Dear bewitching little mother of course I am afraid of him and very, VERY jealous of him too.

I admit I adore him—although he has nearly crowded me out of my home. Still I shall not complain if he does not crowd me out of your heart.

But Oh, I do hope that soon, very soon you may tire of your new toy just long enough to remember your old one.

Sweetheart it is very hard—He is my first and only rival—And this an unfair handicap.

But at any rate if I do not win this time I shall have the sweet consolation that—HE IS HALF MINE.

Yours

True.

P. S.—Dear the race is won with flying colors—And I hasten to carry the ribbon to the winner—King Baby.

2nd P. S.—After seeing you so divinely happy Belovèd I think I shall not let you know that I am jealous—So I will just mail this in the waste-paper basket. The way so many lovers' letters "go."

Courtier to "King Babé."

Answer.

Forgive me if I write in verse—some things *are* better so expressed. 'Tis nearer dear, to song.

I have a case of priceless jewels—of olden gems and new;
The wealth of Abdul Hamid could not buy one jewel. 'Tis true
Fair ladyes here and Sultans there have stones of matchless fire.
But You, dear Love have given me the jewels of my desire.
I have a lovely string of pearls of every different hue—
The pearls—Your Lover-kisses are. Each one more precious too;
The rubies of your soft, warm lips are ever very dear;
Fire opals of your touch can make the whole world disappear;
The sparkling brilliance of your eyes are sapphires I may kiss;
My diamonds are the love-tears of a great and wondrous bliss;
NOW we have added one more gem. 'Tis one of priceless worth
A little You-and-Me, Sweetheart! For us—a dazzled Earth.

So now with this New Ruler dear, we shall establish an Absolute Monarchy OF OUR VERY OWN.

And shall we not call it Love, the Kingdom of Home?

Your loving

Mistress of the Jewels.

Letter.

Queen of my heart you are the beloved ruler of our little kingdom.

Ah, every woman is a veritable queen with a kingdom large or small as she so wills it!

Then what matter it whether she hold her court in a stately mansion or in the humblest cottage by the wayside—if she be truly a queen.

And so I find that the most powerful rulers are not they who rule by fear, the rod of iron—but those dear lovely ones who guide us by a smile.

Love, you are not only the Ruler of our little Kingdom but you are Prime Minister and Privy Councellor as well. And your word is law.

We are but your courtiers to command.

So if in fulfilling your desires we strive hard enough to merit a reward let us become lovely Queen through your gracious liberality, loyal knights of the Kingdom of Home.

Your Courtier,

TRUE.

Answer.